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C. FRED DUTTON
REAR ENGINEER

C. FRED DON

OUR GUNNERS' ACCURACY.

They rely on science in the firing of every shot.

The ordinary seaman of the present navy, who operates the small guns which compose the secondary battery of a battleship and are used only at close range, has taken the place of the old-time gunner, and he in turn has risen and is now a warrant officer, occupying a place between the seaman and the non-commissioned officer, having a mess apart from the ordinary seaman. He is not, however, eligible to advancement further than that of a gunner of the first class. Below him are the gunners of the second class, formerly the gunners' mates, and the gunners of the third class, who in the days of the old navy, were known as the gunners' apprentices. In the old order of naval affairs gunners rose from the rank of ordinary seaman, and had as their only claim to their titles the skill in the point-blank shooting of the time, acquired by long practice.

Besides the cool head, steady hand, and keen eye of the old-time gunner, the gunner of the new navy must possess a gunner's education, including not only thorough knowledge of both common and decimal fractions, but also the use and application of the principles of algebra, geometry, trigonometry and trigonometry.

He is taught first that to locate to a nicety the object upon which he is to train his gun he must observe it from two different points, and then having established a base line and the two adjacent angles, by the science of triangulation he finds the intervening distance. Many experiments have resulted in the formation of tables and the invention of mechanical instruments which make the calculation a matter of but a few seconds. These are based upon the science of trigonometry, and enable the gunner to know in an instant at what angle to elevate his gun.

Comparatively simple as this may seem with the use of the instruments and tables, it embraces in naval gunnery accurate calculations of the speed and direction of motion of the vessel carrying the gun, the speed and direction of motion of the target, if it be another ship, and the direction and velocity of the wind, not one of which can be disregarded if the range are overcome to a great extent by the shorter distance and by the high rate of speed attained by the projectile.

In the case of a moving vessel being the target, the range is determined by means of the range-finder and not by a direct measurement. After an interval of two minutes or a convenient fraction thereof, a second calculation is made. By the tables the distance in yards between the two points is determined and divided by the interval of time gives the speed. By another table, based upon the rate of speed attained by the projectile and the range, the distance which the target will have traversed during the flight of the projectile may be obtained, and the gun aimed at such an angle as to cause the shot to take effect as desired.

By another process, if the ship upon which the gunner is stationed be moving, the aim can be made quite as accurate, and to this exact reduction of the science is due the almost marvelous marksmanship of the Yankee gunners in the recent engagements in Cuban waters.

While our modern gunner must know thoroughly all this, he does not have the opportunity in an engaging action to apply it. To the officers gives the conning tower and in the turret falls the task of determining the ranges. This is usually done by the officers on board the flagship and communicated to the officers on board the other ships by means of signals. From them the gunner in the turret gets his angle, and by means of a lever and a scale elevates or depresses his gun as his orders may require.

Then comes the task which he alone may perform. Attached to his gun, near the breech, is a powerful telescope, fitted at the outer lens with a horizontal and a vertical hair, crossing at right angles in the center. Through this he locates his mark, and having done so knows that his aim is true. In spite of the exactness of the science it is necessary under unfavorable atmospheric conditions, such as fog or rain, to resort to the old method of trial shots. A smaller gun is used, and by means of a range-finder attached to its breech the range can soon be determined.

Then the gunner applies the knowledge which has given him his rank, and science does what the greatest skill of the old days could not.

On the old wooden ship with the bristling sides the process was entirely different. The gunner, though far inferior to ours of to-day, had under his charge guns numbering from four to eight, varying with the size and strength of his vessel, and by force of circumstances left the task of aiming them to the ordinary sailor, who, though without rank, was often in point of skill the equal of his chief.

The long range shot of the new guns, the one which enables the gunner nowadays to watch the course of the projectile and note the havoc it creates even at the distance of several miles, was impracticable because of the small power of the old smooth bore. The close blank shot and the broadside were the ones upon which the old gunner counted for victory.

Without the aid of science he sighted his cumbersome piece, while his crew stood ready with ramrod, swab, powder and shot. Minutes were consumed in the execution of the orders, "Load! To battery! Fire!" while now each order is expected to be executed in a few seconds.

Where ten shots whistled harmlessly about the ears of the enemy then, the modern gunner has his disgrace keenly if by chance, in an entire engagement, one or two of his shots miss the mark.

The old gunner, who, as an ordinary seaman, still remains in the service of the modern navy, has learned long since that his time has passed, and as a naval writer has said of him, "he represents the supremacy of the sailor who knows the what of the art of war as thoroughly as his officers know its why."

How things change! Once a stamp tax caused a war; now a war causes a stamp tax.

MONEY IN SQUAB RAISING

How They Are Produced in Michigan for the Eastern Markets.

The only squab farm in Michigan is located about three miles south of Grand Haven. Squabs are young doves, or pigeons, and are esteemed great delicacies in epicurean and midnight luncheon circles. There are several large squab farms in the East, and one near Toledo, but the only one in Michigan, as far as is known, is at Grand Haven, and it is conducted by F. J. Bernreuther. He was for several years deer-walker in a large dry goods store. His health failed, and five years ago he took up squab-raising. It was originally a side issue to his floor-walking, but he now devotes most of his attention to it. His farm comprises about ten acres of land, but only a small portion of this is given to the squab industry, the rest being planted to wheat and corn, which form the staple diet for the old doves.

He has a big cage of woven wire. It is 80x120 feet, and twenty feet high, and the doves are kept confined by the wire netting on the sides and above. On the north side of the cage is a long, low building, in which the doves keep house. The roof has a southern exposure and a wind break, and here the doves sun themselves. The building is divided by partitions into rooms about ten feet square. These rooms are banked up on three sides, tier above tier, with small boxes, and these boxes are the nests, where the eggs are laid and the young are hatched and grow to be squabs. The partitions and boxes extend upward to the eaves of the building, and above the space is open from end to end, allowing free passageway for the doves and a roosting place for those not busy with domestic duties.

After the two pretty white eggs are laid, the male takes his regular trick at sitting on them during the twenty-one days of incubation; and when the young are hatched he does his full share toward feeding them. Four weeks after the young birds are hatched they become marketable as squabs. The birds are in full feather, but not yet able to fly. A fast of twenty-four hours is the prelude to the flight into the dove heaven. This fast is imposed not to make them meek in spirit, but to clear their crops of food. Then a sharp knife point opens a vein in the throat, and as the life blood oozes out the bird's brief career closes with a flutter.

While the flesh is still warm the feathers are plucked out, the crop is washed out, and the denuded body is thrown into a tub of water to cool. The next day it is packed in ice for shipment. The squabs, dressed for market, weigh about half a pound, and the great market for them is New York. This city consumes very few of them. There is only a small demand for them in Detroit, and Chicago, big and metropolitan as it is, is a poor market. Almost the entire product of Bernreuther goes to New York, and the shipments average three or four dozens a week the year around. The squabs command from \$1.50 to \$3.50 a dozen, and there is money in the business.

The best breed of doves for squab purposes is the homing pigeon. This is not due to any particular delicacy of the flesh, but to the fact that homers are the best breeders, are diligent in properly caring for the eggs during the incubating period, and keep their young well fed. But the squab farmer does not run much to fancy stock. Just plain, ordinary doves are good enough. They bring out six to ten broods a year, each of two doves, and often eggs are in the nest for a new hatching before the preceding brood has developed to the squab age. The doves usually rest two months in the year, but as there is no recognized season for resting, the market can be supplied the year around.

Breed and Feed.
"I think clover is a great thing for laying hens; but after all, I think there is more in the hen than in the feed. Some of my neighbors with common hens and indifferent feed have had remarkable egg yields."

The winning combination is the hen bred for eggs and the well balanced ration judiciously fed. This combination is necessary for continuously good results. Good results often come for a time from hens carelessly bred and indifferently fed, but there is no stability in the returns under such conditions—and as far as the combination of common hens and indifferent feeding goes, our observation and the records alike show that they are "not in it" with the stock well bred and well cared for.

A Big Henner.
A Hillsboro country (N. H.) man has no less than 7,000 hens in flocks of a dozen or twenty scattered about his farm of 500 acres. More than five hundred houses are required for their use. No males are kept, the business being entirely the production of eggs, which are shipped by the carload to Lowell and other markets. Feed is bought by the carload, a 15-horse power steam works being used for grinding it.

One unusual plan in the arrangement is that none of the fowls are allowed "runs" in connection with their houses. Fowls are turned off when two years old, pullets being brought to take their places.

A Maine poultry raiser sets as many as one hundred hens at a time. An average of ten chickens to each is satisfactory. The man already has more than a thousand chickens.

Those who neglect hot weather duties in the poultry yard will next fall be claiming they "did not have very good luck this season."

CHARMED THE SAVAGE EYE

Utility Garment of an Early Woman Settler Ticked the Redskins' Admiration.

"It was interesting to notice the way in which the Indians looked upon early settlers around here," said the Kansas City old-timer as he lapsed into a reminiscent mood. "Each white family as it arrived and set about the task of making a home in the great American desert was scrutinized and passed upon, favorably or otherwise by these 'original inhabitants' very much as a newcomer nowadays is talked about and estimated by the good people of any little town in which he makes his appearance. To be sure, the Indians' standards were a little bit peculiar, but they applied them in much the same spirit of egotism that we do our own."

"For example, when we started West my mother, who was preeminently a sensible woman, who did and who refrained from doing things only on good and sufficient reason, soon saw that the long full skirts in vogue at the time had little to recommend them from an emigrant's point of view and adopted a garment consisting of a medium short skirt and substantial pantaloons, which she found quite suitable and persisted in wearing through several subsequent changes of fashion. Now, a few days after my father had completed the cabin which was our first home in Kansas a band of Indians from a neighboring camp called on us for purposes of inspection, as I have already said was their custom, and, incidentally, to trade for—or better, beg—any article among our belongings which might strike their fancy. My mother was, as usual, dressed in her 'utility' garment and this soon caught the eyes of the Indians, who immediately, amid great jabbering of admiration, nominated her the 'white squaw' and from that time on showed our household many marks of esteem—a preference which had its drawbacks."

Everyday Geography.
We are making geography as well as history rapidly these days. An atlas a year, old is away behind the times. The Alaska gold craze has made the old maps of that section almost valueless, and the indications are that China soon will be nothing but a piece of patchwork. But the newspaper to-day are the geographers, and accurate maps appear in their pages almost as soon as the telegraph brings news of changes. The youthful mind has no difficulty in grasping these alterations because they are accompanied by movements which hold the interest.

The study is not of geographical topics heavy with the dust of ages, but of lands and people who attract attention because electricity keeps them practically at our doors. The newspaper supplements the textbook, and the combination fills the youthful mind with more valuable knowledge of things geographical than it was possible for our ancestors to acquire. In competent hands the good newspaper is the best supplement to geography ever issued, and the time is coming when no instructor will fail to put it to daily use.

Wild Bill's Marksmanship.

"The last time I saw Wild Bill," said the ex-Kansas man, "was in Topeka in the fall of '74. He was wearing his old blue army overcoat, and at the hips were two big bunches where his six-shooters hung. He was walking down Kansas avenue when I noticed him. His brown mare Nell was tied to a hitching post in front of a store. He untied her, mounted, and rode down the street as hard as she could go. As he rode he swung half round in the saddle, pulled out one of his guns, and began shooting at the sign, 'groceries,' above the door of a little one-story wooden shop. When he was past and the row was all over some fellows who investigated found that all six bullets had struck inside the letter O in the sign. It was just a little exhibition of how he could shoot on the run for the amusement of whoever happened to be in sight."

Cradle Rocked by a Male.

A traveller going through a sparsely settled section of Canada came to a lonely cabin and, finding the door open, went in. Nobody was in sight, but in the centre of the room he saw a cradle with a baby lying in it fast asleep. The cradle was rocked back and forth with great regularity, and he was puzzled to know what kept it in motion. On examination he found a stout cord attached to a nail driven in the side of the cradle and passed through an auger hole in the side of the house. He took up the trail, which led him into a ravine where a donkey was standing and switching his tail. The mystery was explained. The other end of the cord was attached to the donkey's tail, and the constant switching kept the cradle in motion. It was an ingenious device on the part of the mother to keep her baby asleep while she went off for a time.

Hotel Prohibits Baths on Sunday.

Mr. Felix Mahoney, of Washington, tells of one hotel, in New England, in which he stayed not long ago. In every room was a placard, and on it this: "Guests will please not bathe on Sunday night, as the hot water is needed for the wash Monday morning."

Dust Blowing in Art Galleries.

In some of the European art galleries the dust is removed from the paintings and statuary by means of an air pump, a jet of air being thrown with great force against the article which needs dusting.

HOW WILL THEY RACE?

Some Youngsters Who Have Been Broke From the Real Good Once.

The gentle art of "picking winners" has engaged the minds of many people many times and in many places but when it comes to attempting to solve the two-year-old puzzle, at the season of the year in a country of such "magnificent distances" as this it can be readily understood that conjecture has most to do with the matter.

There are, however, as is to be expected, a number of two-year-olds that partly from their ownership, partly from their breeding, and in some cases from the prices they brought as yearlings in the public sale ring, have engaged particular attention. Notable among these are the sons and daughters of Domino, that James H. Keene received at the Castleton stud, and the youngsters that have been brought East from the Great Bitter Root stud which Marens Daly has established in Montana.

Domino's stud career was as brief as his racing career was meteoric, in spite of his sundry natural ailments with which he contended from the first. It was a great race horse but an unlucky one, and it is through the doings of his bet that one must hope for his fame to be perpetuated. Mr. Keene has a not able pair of colts by the fleet-footed son of Himyar in Doublet, a chestnut out of that sterling mare Lucy Wallace, and Disguise, a bay colt of the imported mare Bonnie Gal. There is a good deal of resemblance to the dead and gone Domino about each of them but there is considerable deviation of type, especially about the quarters.

Mr. Keene has not had the best luck in the world on the turf for the past few seasons, but he is not tired of tempting fate. His string is again a large one. In Runaway Girl he has a chestnut daughter of Domino, out of imported Fair Vision; that many good horses think may have even the colts by the Futurity winner.

Mr. Keene's stable is not confined to home-bred ones, and he paid some big prices for yearlings sold in 1908 at public auction. Among these was the chestnut colt Toddy—by Hanover—Hot Scotch, for whom Milton Young, of the McGrathiana stud, got \$3,100. The get of Hanover has done so universally well—the get of this sire headed the list last year with over \$119,000 to their credit—that it may be hoped that Toddy will prove no exception to the rule and race up to the family average, as his appearance would lead one to expect.

The Bitter Root stud turned out some very good looking yearlings in 1908, a number of which Fred Mossom recently brought up from Montana. It is understood that the pick of these were sent to "Billy" Lakeland's stable upon their arrival, and, anyhow, no trainer has two much better lookers than St. Finnian and Hamptonian.

These colts are decided opposites at that. Hamptonian, who is a bay by imported Bathampton—Alice Himyar, looks the English thoroughbred all over. He is full of quality, rather high in the air, and shows all the nervous excitability that so traditionally belongs to the blooded horse. St. Finnian, on the other hand, has more of the staid strength and durability that the sire, Tammany, the yanquisier of Lamplighter, displayed through his dam, Ayrshire Lass, an imported mare.

SPORTS OF ALL SORTS.

T. J. Keenan, Jr., President of the League of American Wheelmen, has been appointed on the staff of Gov. Stone, of Pennsylvania, with the title of Lieutenant-Colonel.

A New England horseman has been out in Iowa, where he bought the pacer Bob Fitzsimmons, 2:24, that chased Klatamah a half mile in 1:01 1/2 in his race at Dubuque last summer.

A son of Wilkesonian, called Joe Timbrough, is regarded as a sure candidate for Grand Circuit honors. It is claimed that he, on more than one occasion, finished an eighth of a mile at a two-minute gait.

Ernest Morriss, of Detroit, and Worth Cummings, of Springfield, O., have completed arrangements to make a tour of the world on bicycles. They intend to follow closely the route of the McIlraiths.

Kid McCoy is going to take a trip to London. It is said that he has received an offer to meet Jewey Cooke, the crack English middleweight, and has accepted.

Four Bezenahs have helped make the Cincinnati pugilistic history. If there is another family in the United States that has furnished the ring with a quartette of pugilists it is not generally known.

McCoy has made about \$21,000 in a little over a year through his contests with Dan Creedon, Gus Ruhlin, Tommy Ryan, Joe Goddard and Tom Sharkey—and he has got every dollar of it, too.

Billy Woods, who hasn't been heard from very often since the days of his Billy punches he got from Corbett out at Shaw Spines, Nev., has turned up at Butte, Mont. He claims to be the champion rope skipper of the world.

The Bicycle Lamp.

The law compelling cyclists to carry lights at night is often violated, but only by riders not having proper regard for their own safety and that of others.

The bicycle, unlike other vehicles, is called the "silent steed." It approaches quickly, noiselessly, and being small, is practically invisible on a dark thoroughfare, unless carrying a lighted lamp. A bell does not always answer the purpose, as the rider invariably waits until he is nearly on top of an obstacle before sounding his bell. A broad well reflected light enables the rider to avoid all obstacles and bad places in the road. Bicycle policemen are very careful to enforce this lamp ordinance, but it is impossible for them to detect every offender.

A Convenience for the Poor.

In Islington, one of the poorest parishes of London, there is a vestry wash-room, where a poor woman can "take her basket of clothes and do her family's washing with extra convenience. The clothes are dried very rapidly by steam and the fee is only six cents.

IN A DEN OF SNAKES.

The Thrilling Experience of a Delaware Farmer.

John Walls, a farmer of Prime Hook Neck, in Delaware, was out in the marshes looking for ducks when he saw a large hole in the ground, and, seizing a long pole, he thrust it into the ditch. Instantly the earth beneath the farmer caved in, and before he realized what happened Walls was in a den of wriggling, squirming snakes.

There were about 500 of the slimy reptiles altogether, and they began attacking Walls from every direction. Some of them, emitting a frightful, hissing sound, came at him with their mouths wide open and attacked him with their venomous tongues. Others coiled themselves about his legs until the farmer was a wriggling mass of serpents.

The only weapon he had in his hands was a gun. He was unable to successfully combat the snakes with the weapon, and his cries for help brought several other farmers to his assistance. They threw him a rope and Walls clung to it, while the men at the top hauled him from his perilous situation. He was half unconscious when he landed from the reptile den and was weak from the loss of blood. He was taken to his home, where a doctor pronounced Walls in a critical condition.

The reptiles were of the blacksnake, moccasin and water variety, and were the largest den of serpents ever found in Sussex County.

Mr. Ransom's Flask of Old Catnip.

One of the most courteous and polite representatives of the South who ever came to Washington is ex-Senator Ransom of South Carolina, who has recently returned to this country from Mexico, where he was an American Minister. If there is anything "Matt Ransom," as he is called, prides himself upon it is his courtly manner and distinguished bearing under any and all circumstances. But his dignity was given a jolt at the Metropolitan Hotel a day or two ago in a manner that the punctilious North Carolinian will never forget.

Only a few minutes before the incident occurred he had been lecturing a constituent on the evils of drinking and pointing to himself as an example of sobriety and total abstinence. Hanging upon his arm at this time was a lightweight overcoat, and his hand was tightly gripped around the handle of a small leather satchel. One of the bell-boys grabbed the overcoat and satchel simultaneously for the purpose of taking them up to Mr. Ransom's room. In his haste the bellboy tripped and sprawled on the floor and a suspicious looking black bottle slipped out of one of the overcoat pockets and was smashed into a thousand pieces on the marble floor of the hotel corridor.

"There goes my bottle of catnip," said Mr. Ransom, without changing a muscle of his face. But the odor that arse from the marble floor was suggestive of the strongest liquor ever brewed by a North Carolina moonshiner.

Most of the Tramps Carried Soap.

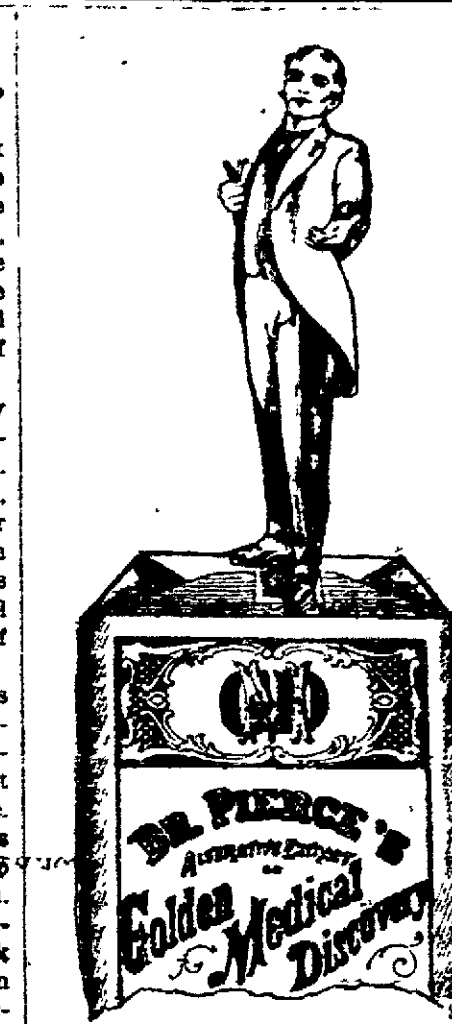
Out of the first twenty-six tramps arrested only one had any money. He was the Croesus of the crowd, with 27 cents, and that he admitted he gained from begging. He had but one hand, and that was his stock in trade. Not a man in the lot had clean linen; in fact few had even shirts. Nearly every one had a pocket comb and many were provided with cakes of soap, wrapped in newspapers. The usual contents of a man's pockets were the articles mentioned, a dirty handkerchief, a suspender buckle, some newspaper clippings, a pipe, cigar butts and a little tobacco. Once in a while a man with a pocket mirror would be found, but such toilet articles were few and far between. Few of the men looked as though they had washed recently. All were ragged, and many looked as though they didn't care much whether they were looked up or not. These viewed the whole proceedings in an indifferent way and seemed bored. From a St. Louis police report.

Silent 50 Years; Now Cannot Speak.

Miss Experience Guilford, of Blue Hill, Me., made a vow more than half a century ago that if she were not allowed to marry the man of her choice she would not speak a word to any one though she lived to be fifty years old. Her father, and then her mother, died, and her home was changed several times, but throughout all this period she kept her word. The fifty years of silence was to have come to an end one day last week. The day was named for a reunion of the family. Three generations have grown up during these fifty years. Miss Guilford, dressed in garments she had not worn for half a century, and standing before her people, opened her mouth to speak. But though she made a violent effort, and grew red in the face in the attempt, she could not utter a word. Her vocal muscles had become atrophied from long disuse and refused to work. She is now undergoing treatment in a Boston hospital to restore her speech.

Married to a Flower-Vase.

A damsel of Soochow, China, one Miss Hsu, a young lady belonging to one of the aristocratic families of the city, has married a red flower-vase, this vase being made a substitute for the son of Lu Jen-hsiang, Libationer or Vice-Chancellor of the Imperial Academy of Peking. The son of the Libationer died last winter, a few days before his contemplated marriage with the young lady, and the latter vowed that she would never marry, but be an inmate of her betrothed's family, where she could observe her widowhood. Hence the marriage ceremony.



"I stand firm to recommend it." "I had been afflicted with lung trouble for two years," says Charles A. Moore, of Fitchburg, Mass. Co., W. Va. "I tried all the surrounding physicians, but they did me no good. After a long period I bought a bottle of your great 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and after taking four bottles I am entirely cured, and I stand firm to recommend your great 'Discovery' to all people afflicted with lung trouble. I now feel stronger than I ever did."

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(Winter Arrangement, Oct. 1, 1909)

Leave the following stations for Marston, Concord and intermediate stations: Portsmouth, 8:40 a. m., 11:45 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Greenfield Village, 8:40 a. m., 11:45 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Rockingham Junction, 9:00 a. m., 1:07 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 9:00 p. m. Hayward, 9:25 a. m., 1:32 p. m., 3:25 p. m.

Returning leave: Concord, 7:45, 10:25 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Greenfield Village, 8:40 a. m., 11:45 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Rockingham Junction, 9:00 a. m., 1:07 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 9:00 p. m. Hayward, 9:25 a. m., 1:32 p. m., 3:25 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Dover, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lebanon, N. J., Salisbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Eastern Division.

TRAINS LEAVE PORTSMOUTH FOR

Marston, 8:40, 11:40, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Sunday, 8:40, 11:40, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Concord, 7:45, 10:25 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Greenfield Village, 8:40 a. m., 11:45 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Rockingham Junction, 9:00 a. m., 1:07 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 9:00 p. m. Hayward, 9:25 a. m., 1:32 p. m., 3:25 p. m.

GOVERNMENT FERRY

TIME TABLE

Leave Ferry yard—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 p. m. (Wednesday and Saturday). Sunday, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 p. m.

Leave Portsmouth—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 1

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TELEPHONE 55-5.

89 to 45 Market Street.

CHAINLESS BICYCLES.

There is a growing demand for

Chainless wheels. In the ORIENT

chainless you have your

choice of two styles of gear.

The bevel gear variety has

been on the market and hardly

needs description.

The Sager gear is of similar

construction, with pin rollers sub-

stitutes for the beveled teeth on the

power-receiving gear wheels.

The world's records made on the

ORIENT Chainless fitted with

this gear at Woodside Park, Phil-

adelphia, in the fall of 1898 have

thoroughly demonstrated its speed

qualities.

PHILBRICK'S

BICYCLE STORE.

FRANKLIN BLOCK,

Portsmouth, N. H.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Islington Street.....\$10,000

Union Street.....7,000

Middle Street.....7,000

Vaughan Street.....6,000

Middle Street.....6,000

Whitcomb Road.....4,300

Richards Avenue.....3,350

State Street.....3,300

State Street.....3,000

State Street.....2,500

Madison Street.....2,000

St. Vernon Street.....1,700

Wentworth Street.....1,700

Spurhawk Street.....1,700

Jefferson Street.....1,600

Warren Street.....1,300

School Street.....1,300

Dearborn Street.....1,300

Water Street.....1,300

Stark Street.....1,100

Clinton Street.....900

and many others in Newcastle, Kittery, Green

land, etc.

FARMS in large variety. House, Lots all

sizes and prices.

Tobey's Real Estate Agency,

32 Congress Street.

WE HAVE

CANDY

At All Prices From

10 Cents a Pound Up.

Call and See Our Stock.

RALPH GREEN,

85 Congress Street.

THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1899.

AN ENJOYABLE WHIST PARTY AT DOVER POINT.

The whist party given by the young ladies at Riverview hall on Monday evening was a very successful and enjoyable affair. There were ten tables of players present. The ladies' first prize was won by Miss Alice Morang; the gentlemen's, by C. H. Morang, Esq. The ladies' consolation, by Miss Grace Clements; the gentlemen's, by D. L. Finkham. A fine banquet was served.

The young ladies having the affair in charge were: The Misses Mabel and Florence Morang, Maggie and Cassie Maguire, Margaret Coleman and Ida Finkham.

The party broke up about twelve o'clock. The evening will long be remembered as one of the most social events of the season.

U. S. S. MARBLEHEAD OR- DERED TO PACIFIC.

Orders have been issued by Secretary Long to the cruiser Marblehead to accompany the Newark to the Pacific ocean as a member of Rear Admiral Kautz's command. It is the understanding that the Texas will be placed in such a position that she will be readily available for duty in the Pacific if her services are required.

Orders to the Marblehead are not due, the officials say, to developments in the Samoan situation. They explain that the Pacific station covers a great area of territory and that the ships now attached to it are inadequate to attend to the many calls made upon them.

NEW AND ORIGINAL ADVERTIS- ING.

It is interesting to watch the new ideas always to be found in the advertising of Hood's Sarsaparilla. The present line of advertisements is especially unique, each beginning with a familiar proverb and leading up to the good qualities of this famous medicine. The argument in every case is clinched by condensed testimonials from people the medicine has cured. It is gratifying to see the continued success of an article of genuine merit. While other preparations come to surface and after a short time disappear, Hood's Sarsaparilla has steadily maintained its place in public confidence.

TO ENLARGE STEAM ENGINEER- ING.

Rear Admiral Melville visited the yard some weeks ago he recommended that the big spar shed be converted into a big machine shop to be fitted with big moving cranes, etc., but the plan to secure the building failed. The admiral has made another try to enlarge the plant here and a special board has been appointed to make a report. This yard has no stronger friend than Engineer in Chief Melville.

MOVING PICTURES.

Edison's famous moving pictures were given in Music hall on Tuesday evening, before a large and interested audience. The pictures embraced sea fights, land battles, boating scenes, express trains running at full speed, firemen fighting a fire, and in fact about everything to thrill and interest the audience. A certain per cent of the door receipts go into the fund of the Methodist church.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Today, and every day next week, out advertised agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, "The Best Salve in the World," and guarantee it to cure Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or money refunded.

H. E. BUCKLEN & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

WORK WILL BE DONE HERE.

Nothing but an accident which would send the Raleigh to the bottom would prevent her from being rebuilt here and those who predict that she may be stolen are not aware of the fight that it took to win and the orders that followed. If the Raleigh is rebuilt at all it will be done right here in Portsmouth.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

A basket containing six young carrier pigeons from the coasts at the navy yard were sent to Hampton on the early train this morning where the American express agent had orders to release them. This is only a short flight as it was the first time the birds had been away from the coast.

Scrofula, salt rheum, erysipelas and other disfiguring eruptive diseases yield quickly and permanently to the cleansing, purifying power of Burdock Blood Bitters.

TEA TABLE TALK.

SOMETIME OR OTHER.
Sometime or other we'll do it—
The thing that we ought to do now;
Sometime or other, we'll fasten
The laurel to our brow;
And we worry not for the future,
But calmly lay us down
And dream of coming glories,
While Bill Smith gets the crown.
Sometime or other we'll do it—
Marry the girl of our heart;
Sometime or other we'll join her
Never again to part;
And we shut our eyes in contentment,
While the girl we thought we had got
At last grows weary of waiting,
And goes off with John Jenks in a trot.
Sometime or other we'll do it—
Get rich, and live at our ease;
Sometime or other we'll dwell in
Bed clover-tops up to our knees;
And we think there's time enough for us,
And so sleep once more,
While Samuels scoops our money
And drives off with our coach and four.
Sometime or other we'll do it—
The thing that ought to be done
Ere the stars of to-night are shining,
And not by tomorrow's sun;
We think we can live on forever,
So we never have care for today,
And never wake up till our chances
Are fled, and our hairs are all gray.

Hampton has not yet chosen a chief of police. I see that Bert Condon has an ambition for the place. I believe that "Bob" Hodgkins hasn't entered the lists. Why not hire them both? They would hold the Hampton law breakers for a while.

Charlie Richmond, the newspaper correspondent, has been engaged to work up an illustrated article on the life-saving stations of our coast for the Granite Monthly. He has given the subject a great deal of attention for the past two or three months.

The return of the Rev. William Warren to the pulpit of Trinity M. E. church of this city is gratifying to the members of the society and all others who attend the services there. In the time that he has been here, this clergyman has become known as a most zealous worker for the upbuilding of the church and a strong preacher of practical things.

The Kennebec Journal says that the police of Augusta are trying to clear the railroad station of the young women and girls who have been making it their trying place, especially at the time of the afternoon and evening trains. Many girls in this city haunt the Boston and Maine station in like manner, to "pick up" handsome trainmen or any other fellows on the "mash."

I have often said that a Spaniard is a Spaniard, and you can't make him anything different. Hypocrisy, deceit, dishonor and cruelty are bred in the Spanish blood and can never be eradicated. Here is a fresh instance in proof: Madame Nevada, the first American operatic singer who has visited Spain since the war, had arranged an operatic tour, but on the first night at Seville, though the house was bought up, the curtain rose on empty seats. "The opera was 'Lucia de Lammermoor.'" In the second act all the elite arrived together, but turned their backs to the stage and talked ostentatiously until the end of the opera, when on returning to acknowledge a burst of applause, Nevada was roundly hissed.

The Queen Regent, when informed of the occurrence, invited Nevada to a soiree at the palace and presented to her a diamond and sapphire bracelet. This leads me to make two exceptions to my denunciation of everything Spanish. They are the Queen and Admiral Cervera. There may possibly be a few other Spaniards that are worthy of associating with civilized people, but I have never heard of them.

SOMETHING OF A PENNANT.

The homeward-bound pennant of the Raleigh was 312 feet long. In making the homeward-bound pennant every jackie who cared to was allowed to take a hand, and the ambition of the crew was to get up a streamer that would fly high and proclaim to every nautical eye that the ship was making her way towards sweethearts and wives.

MARKING GRAVES OF SPAN- IARDS.

Nickel plated letters are being prepared to mark the names on the graves of the Spaniards buried on Seavey's island and the little cemetery will be made very neat. The erection of the iron fence and other improvements insures the proper care of the graves of Admiral Cervera's brave sailors.

PATRICK CASEY

Patrick Casey, one of the best-known residents of the Creek district, died early Tuesday morning at his home on Woodbury avenue, aged 71 years. The deceased was very popular with all who knew him and his death will be mourned by many. He leaves two daughters and one son, all residing in Portsmouth.

MARRIED.

COOPER.—CARD. In this city, April 18th, by Rev. Robert L. Dutton, Mr. William R. Cooper and Miss Minnie E. Card, both of Portsmouth.

CITY BRIEFS.

And yet the music of the spheres
Should certainly abound,
If they in other worlds, like us,
Sing songs into the ground.
—Detroit Journal

Baseball is booming.
No police court today.
Century runs are in order.

Blue fish are again in the market.
Quiet reigned in police court yesterday.

The number of wheelmen increases daily.

WANTED.—A pin boy at the bowling alley. Apply at once.

The reception given to Rev. William Warren and wife occurs this evening.

Conner, photographer, studio, room 6, Fay building, formerly Nickerson's.

H. Fisher Eldredge is having extensive repairs made to his home on Miller avenue.

Local sports are already taking sides with their favorites in the national baseball league.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

The West End Euchre club held an interesting session at Conservatory hall on Tuesday evening.

The ladies of Harriet P. Dame will give an entertainment and sale in U. V. U. hall this evening.

The West End Euchre club met in Conservatory hall, Tuesday, and passed a very pleasant evening.

Last game in the Portsmouth-Exeter bowling series at the alley in this city this Wednesday evening.

The members of Crystal Wave assembly, Pythian Sisterhood, will hold a whist party this evening.

The steamboat inspectors were here on Monday, and inspected the steamer Newmarch, finding her all right.

Have your shoes repaired by John W. Mott, 34 Congress street. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hand sewed work a specialty.

There are two or three important changes in real estate lines, which if they are consummated, will cause many surprises.

The brickmakers at Dover Point are shipping their laid over kilns of bricks to Boston by rail and water as speedily as possible.

Manager Shinnick of the Haverhill Trolley league team claims to have signed Ira Newick as pitcher for the coming season.

Two boilers and a dynamo were taken to the Wentworth house on Tuesday on the barge Newmarket, being towed by the tug H. A. Mathes.

The Portsmouth Yacht club is making active preparations for the observance of ladies' day, which will be held some time next month.

The house on Vaughan street recently vacated by Daniel Mason, Esq., is to be occupied by Mr. A. T. Haight of the Portsmouth Milling Co.

Joseph Hoxie has been awarded the contract for painting the entire extension of the Wentworth house, and will commence work at once.

The base ball season opens tomorrow afternoon with the game between the High school teams of Newburyport and Portsmouth.—Newburyport News.

Lost.—A pocket book containing a sum of money and 2 gold rings, between 10 School street and Vaughan street. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning same to Benj. Lake, 10 School street.

The "Y" club was entertained on Tuesday evening by Miss Nellie Baitt at her home on Union street. A most enjoyable evening was passed in whist and music and a tempting repast was served.

Flounders have already come up the river as far as Dover Point and fishermen in large numbers may be looked for in the near future at this resort. Cod is running as far as the Portsmouth bridge where they are being 'caught in large numbers.—Dover Democrat.

A movement is on foot here to organize a base ball league composed of nines of Somersworth, Dover, Biddeford, Portsmouth, Exeter and Newmarket. The matter of having Rochester included but most of the ball leaders here are opposed to it except Rochester gives a guarantee of organizing a team that can play ball satisfactory to the public. Under such conditions Rochester will be admitted.—Somersworth paper.

REAR ADMIRAL REMEY'S FLAG SALUTED.

At twelve o'clock on Tuesday the pennant of Commodore George G. Remy, U. S. N., was hauled down from the office building with a salute of eleven guns and after an interval of four minutes his flag as rear admiral was unfurled with a salute of thirteen guns.

The above marked the ceremony as a result of Commandant Remy's promotion as a rear admiral and the officers later called to extend congratulations.

PERSONALS.

Lewis E. Staples visited Boston on Tuesday.

Rev. C. Le V. Brine was in Concord Tuesday.

Miss Julia Moses was a visitor in Boston today.

Oliver W. Ham made a business trip to Boston Tuesday.

Mayor Calvin Page went to Boston on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. T. B. Yeaton was a visitor in Somersworth Tuesday.

Mr. John Mulligan of Dover was a visitor here on Tuesday.

Francis E. Langdon came down from Boston on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Ruth Duntley of Cambridge is the guest of friends in this city.

Captain Mayo of Jerry's Point life saving station was in town today.

Capt. Moses Stevens of Newburyport, Mass., was here on Tuesday.

Frank M. Dennett was among the visitors to Boston Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Henry O. Batten is making a brief business visit to Gardiner, Me.

Mrs. Robert Anderson of Daniel street goes to Lynn today to visit relatives.

Miss Ada Giles of Candia is the guest of Mrs. George Roghaskie of Market street.

Mr. Ed. Paul of Kittery has entered the employ of Fred W. Cross the grocer.

Mrs. Emma Margeson is quite ill at the home of her mother, Mrs. J. H. Morrison.

Thomas Griffin of Boston was the guest of Patrick Harvey in town on Tuesday evening.

Miss Anna E. Mendum is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Willis J. Mendum in Winchester, Mass.

Miss Annie C. Stimson of Boston is the guest of Miss Mignon B. Green on Washington street.

Mrs. Fannie Bailey of Manchester is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. H. Marden, Hill street.

Mr. Quint, of the Boston Traveller, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hutchins, State street.

F. G. Staples and Miss Staples of Old Orchard were registered at the Rockingham on Tuesday.

Mr. E. S. Newton of Manchester was here on Monday the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Newton.

Mr. Willis M. Dennett of Boston is passing Patriot's day at the home of his mother, Mrs. A. B. Dennett, Fleet street.

Mrs. Sarah E. Freeman and daughter, Miss Emma, are to make their future home with Mrs. Carrie Wingate, Austin street.

Miss Annabelle DeConroy was discharged from the Cottage hospital on Tuesday, having fully recovered from a severe surgical operation.

Rev. William Warren returned from conference on Tuesday afternoon and enters in on another year's work as pastor of the Methodist church.

Mr. Herbert S. Lambert, who has been steward of Hotel Ormond, Ormond, Florida, arrived home on Tuesday afternoon and was warmly greeted by his many friends.

Guy Corey, Fred Gentleman of this city, Freeman Sewell and Ralph Hawkes of York and Percy Drake of Rye, all Dartmouth students, will resume their studies at that institution today.

Robert J. Donnelly, foreman plumber at the Charlestown navy yard, accompanied by half a dozen other foremen in the different departments of the yard there came down today to inspect this yard.

Hon. J. Albert Walker, Miss Walker and Dr. J. M. Coit of Concord, were the occupants of one of the boxes on the right of the stage, at the Boston horse show, in Mechanics' hall, on Monday evening.

Among the handsome toilettes seen at the Boston horse show as mentioned in the Boston Herald were the following: Mrs. J. Fullerton Shaw, fawn silk, with purple velvet, chiffon vest, violet hat. Miss Elizabeth Shaw, fawn cloth, with pink; white hat, with lace, violets and green velvet.

RIVER AND HARBOR.

Barge No. 12, Capt. Robinson, arrived from Philadelphia today with 1600 tons of coal consigned to J. A. and A. W. Walker.

Tug Express from Portland put into the lower harbor last evening.

The big four masted schooner Agastus Palmer, Capt. Haskell, from Philadelphia, with 2035 tons of coal for J. A. and A. W. Walker arrived today.

A COSY AND HANDY STORE.

Cheesley's Cash Grocery at 67 Congress street is the handiest place in the city to buy your groceries. Everything is new and attractive and you can see just what you want. The largest line of fancy groceries to be found in the city. His store at 11 Market street is still the busiest place in the city.

PUNCH CUPS FOR CRUIER.

Gift of Mrs. Haywood the Raleigh's Sponsor, Presented on Tuesday.

One more honor was paid to the Raleigh at eleven o'clock, on Tuesday morning, when a distinguished party of southerners boarded her and on behalf of Mrs. A. W. Haywood, of Haw river, North Carolina, who christened the war ship when she first took the water at Norfolk navy yard, presented the cruiser with a magnificent set of punch cups, which have been made to harmonize with the great punch bowl given by the citizens of Raleigh, N. C.

There are a dozen of the cups, made of silver and gold lined, each standing three and a half inches high. Mrs. Haywood is the daughter of the second daughter of the late Governor Thomas M. Holt, of North Carolina.

As soon as the glorious news of the battle of Cavite reached this country, Mrs. Haywood, who is the wife of a cotton goods manufacturer, conceived the idea of presenting the cups to the cruiser and had them made by Jacob & Jenkins, of Baltimore, with the intention of sending them to the ship in the Philippines, but word was recently sent to Mr. Haywood by Secretary Long that the ship would shortly be ordered home. The cups bear the following inscription:

U. S. CRUISER MALEIGH,
Presented by her Sponsor,
MRS. A. W. HAYWOOD.

C. S. Gurney, the artist, is moving from Market street to Congress street.

"Things Ill Gotten
Are Ill Spent."

This is true of the man whose physical condition has forced him to call upon his nerves to make good the depletion of the rest of his system. The overdrawn business man is overdrawn because he lacks proper capital. The capital of the physical man is pure, wholesome, life-giving blood.

Make this capital for yourself and do not overdraw. The best blood-giving banker is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It lends and gives interest, too. You cannot beat that. If your physical bank account is low, see what this banker will do for you. It never disappoints.

Rheumatism.—A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla entirely cured my sufferings from rheumatism. Later on it stopped dyspepsia from which I suffered intensely. I can eat anything now." WM. A. BUCKLEY, 344 Summer St., East Boston, Mass.

Scrofula.—When three months old our baby Roy was covered with itching and burning scrofula sores. The best physicians failed to relieve. Hood's Sarsaparilla saved his life as it made a permanent cure." Mrs. LILLIE M. FISH, East Springfield, Mich.

Stomach Trouble.—"Two years suffering with stomach trouble made me weak, run down with severe headaches. Life was a burden to me until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me. It makes my children strong and healthy." Mrs. M. BACH, 611 2d St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Indigestion.—"I now have a good appetite, eat well, sleep well and my dyspepsia and indigestion have left me. The reason is I took Hood's Sarsaparilla which entirely cured me. I am Baggage Master on the B. & O. Railroad." THOMAS COLMAN, 119 Carr St., Sandusky, Ohio.

Blood Poison.—"At 12 I had bone disease and used crutches. Doctor prescribed and wanted to scrape it. My grandfather gave me Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking four bottles I threw away crutches, am well and go to school." CHARLES CAMPBELL, 1818 Ontario Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

G. E. PENDER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office—13 Pleasant St., Exchange Building

Hours: 10 a. m. to 12 m., 3 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Residence—3 Merrimac St.

Harbor Street, Near Market

Special Spring Opening In

Mens' and Young Mens' Suits.

Among the many lines of serviceable and stylish suits now on our tables, we direct notice to our special \$10.00 Suits. These suits are to be found here in pure worsted fabrics in all shades, also in Black Clay Weaves and in Blue English Serge. Beyond all question the best values ever offered in strictly reliable suits at the price, \$10.00 per suit.

HENRY PEYSER & SON

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CANDY.

If you desire from
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ufact